

Quieter Than Before || Stranger Things and IT 2017 crossover by k1ttycast1300

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Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Dustin Henderson, Eddie Kaspbrak, Eleven (Stranger Things), Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Hanlon, Mike Wheeler, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, Will Byers

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Summary:

Mike Wheeler is hiding a secret from all of his friends and even his little sister Holly, but if his past comes back to haunt him, will he tell his friends what is going on?

1. ~Prologue~

Richie's POV :

I looked out the window as I watched the world go by, my father thought it was a good idea to get out of Derry for a while, he claims it will be a short trip and yet he made me pack all of my belongings into a couple of bags. We were passing by countrysides and occasionally small towns, I saw a sign "You are now entering Hawkins, Indiana" I was kind of surprised that we were in a different state already. I watched a bunch of houses and little shops go by out the window, there were flower shops and families walking around having fun and there was a library. I thought about the library for a moment remembering all of the things that Ben told my friends and I about what had happened in Derry and eventually my mind was on a spiral through the memories of Pennywise and all of the sadness and fear that clown had put us through, a few tears leaked from the corners of my eyes but I quickly wiped them away when I felt them there. I looked out the window again feeling the car slowing down, there was a building in front of us which was falling apart a little but it was quaint and cosy, but there were the dreaded words above the door "Miss Poppy's Home For Lost Children" it had a light yellow background and the words were a lime green color, the paint was peeling from the sign just like it was peeling from the sides of the rest of the house. My father grabbed my stuff from the car and shoved me as a sign that I needed to move, I began walking but I was in a daze, my eyes were watery again but for different reasons this time, I must have fucked up bad for my father to want to put me up for adoption in a random town in a different state.

I walked in with my father to the front desk and started talking to her as though they had planned for this, I stared at them incredulous that this was gonna happen. "So Richard, will you please follow me so I can show you your room?" the lady my father had been speaking to asked, I nodded completely silent, "I'm sorry, but you have to share a room with one of the other boys here, he'll tell you the schedule and everything you need to know about this place, I will see you at dinner." she opened a door and left me standing in the doorway with my stuff in my arms. There was a boy laying on a bed in the corner of

the far left of the room, his side of the room had posters and was pretty dark while the side that would be mine was empty and colorless, "So, you're the new kid. My name is Michael, what's your name?" the boy asked, he had pitch black hair and looked like a cross between the stereotypical nerd and goth, "H-hi, I'm Richie.." I trailed off feeling very awkward. I walked into the room and put my stuff down at the foot of my bed, not bothering to unpack, I had a feeling that I wouldn't be here for long.

~Like a day later~

I woke up feeling tired, though that wasn't out of the norm for me, I blindly grabbed in the general direction of my bedside table to find my glasses. I found my glasses and put them on my face, I was in the bed supplied for me by the orphanage, I got up and grabbed a clean white t-shirt, jeans and boxers. I checked to see if Michael was awake, from what I could see he was not, I quickly and quietly changed then I quietly went downstairs. I went into the kitchen to see Miss Poppy making breakfast, "Good Morning" I said quietly, Miss Poppy flinched, not expecting someone to be awake around 6:00 a.m. "Richard, you scared me. What are you doing up this early?" Miss Poppy said with concern in her voice, "Usually wake up pretty early because I had to go to school at early hours, it's a habit, uh- sorry for startling you.." I felt kinda bad for startling Miss Poppy, worried of making a bad first impression I decided on being quite instead of my loud and obnoxious self from Derry Maine. Miss Poppy must have noticed that I was nervous, "It's okay dear, I don't have the best hearing so I wouldn't have heard you coming either way." I smiled at her feeling kind of shy since I had never had this kind of affection shown to me before. "Do you need any help?" I asked gesturing to the bacon and eggs that she was preparing for breakfast, "That would be much-appreciated dear, but you are new here and I don't want you to get hurt, this burner doesn't turn off correctly." I nodded understandingly, "Okay, I'll just wait and we can chat then?" I said as a question not knowing if she was ok with me staying and talking her ear off, she chuckled, "Of course dear."

We chatted until she was done cooking and had to go call the others down for breakfast, I sat patiently waiting for her to return so I could meet the other kids that were here. I heard the thumping of several

pairs of feet on wooden flooring, I looked up at the door and saw two identical girls only around the age of five staring at me half hiding behind the doorway, next to them was a boy who looked around a year younger than the girls, standing in the doorway were a couple kids around eight or nine, lastly there was Michael. Michael was silently laughing at my shyness under the intense stares of the other kids, or at least that's what I assumed he was laughing at. Miss Poppy bustled in and passed each kid their food and they all sat at the table that was in here with me, Michael sat next to me and pointed to each kid while telling me their names, I learned that the twin girls were names, Katie and Cassie, the young boy was Michael's little brother and his name was Christopher, the eight-year-old was a boy named Jacob with his older sister who was nine and named Lacy. I spoke to them all for a little while getting to know them better until it felt we had known each other for years, it felt like a lovely family. Miss Poppy cleared her throat, "Okay, everyone today is adoption day, so be on your best behavior." I looked at Michael questioningly, "Adoption day is the day where families come in and talk to us to see what we are like so they know if they want to adopt any of us. We wear nicer clothes usually so they have a better impression but I prefer to dress like myself so they don't expect any different from my true self." Michael explained. I nodded and cleared my plate, I help Miss Poppy wash the dishes even though she insisted that I shouldn't, I then went up to Michael and my room to get even more ready for the day. I put on a Hawaiian button-down that had pineapples on it over my white t-shirt leaving it unbuttoned, I ran my fingers through my hair in an attempt to make it look nicer but only succeeding in making it look crazier. Miss Poppy poked her head into our room, "Hey you two, it's time to come down." she smiled then went down the hall to get some other kids, I stood and went downstairs following Michael. Miss Poppy instructed us to stand side by side so the people adopting us could see all of our features, we were standing in order of age, Michael was at the end with me right next to him, then Lacy and Jacob, after them came Cassie and Katie with Christopher standing at the very end of the line. A couple came in looking at all of us then choosing Cassie and Katie, a few people just looked at us trying to decide if they wanted to adopt now or later. Then a family of three came in and the adults looked at us thinking and looking over the files that Miss Poppy had with more in-depth searching, their daughter who was a couple years older than

me looked at all of us, I averted my eyes when she looked at me finding the floor much more interesting. I heard her giggle and I looked up to see her looking at me giggling, I blushed and looked at the floor again. The adults quietly talked to each other seeming to be arguing, then the girl went over and whispered something to her parents which made them stop talking and think, they whispered something to Miss Poppy, Miss Poppy beamed at what she heard. "Richard go get you things, you have been adopted." Miss Poppy said cheerfully, I smiled and went up to Michael and my room, I grabbed my bags and came back down.

I smiled at the family that would be adopting me, I was asked a lot of questions about my likes and dislikes, I responded truthfully and happily. "Hey, do you think you could call me Richie? Calling me by my first name makes me feel like I'm in trouble." I blurted after being called Richard for the fifth time, "Sure Richie." my new sister Nancy responded.

~Maybe a couple of days later, like when Richie is all settled in~

It was finally time for school, I asked Mom to list me under the name Michael instead of Richard, she was confused but did it anyway. I act a lot different from my old self around this new family, I'm quieter and I let my inner nerd out as well as finally getting back into the habit of reading a ton of books. When I was younger I had a thirst for knowledge but my "mother" told me that only fags like to read books and that being a fag was wrong, I stopped reading books so I wouldn't get hurt for going against her rules.

I walked up the front steps and went to the office, "Uh, hi, I'm Michael Wheeler, here to pick up my schedule.." I said to the lady behind the ever iconic front desk, "Ok, here you are Mr.Wheeler. I'll call for Mr.Byers to come get you to show you around then you can go." she pressed a button and spoke into a mic, "William Byers, come to the office please, William Byers." I jumped when I heard her voice coming through the speaker system. A few minutes later a short boy with light brown hair in the style of a bowl cut came into the office, "Y-you asked for me?" he questioned in a small voice, "William Byers, this is Michael Wheeler and he is new, since he has the same schedule as you, you will show him around the school during lunch and direct him to the correct classes. Am I clear?" she asked 'Will' in a

stern tone, "O-of course ma'am, this way Michael." and he walked out of the room. Will walked me to a classroom and opened the door, he walked over to the teacher while I stood a bit farther back, Will whispered something into his ear and he nodded then looked at me, "We have a new addition to our class today, his name is Michael Wheeler, please make him feel welcome." the teacher announced, "Mr.Wheeler please sit by Will." the teacher smiled at me nicely.

~Timeskip to Lunch cause I'm not gonna write a paragraph about three classes~

Will and I walked to the lunch room to grab some food then go to the library to meet up with his friends, as soon as we got into the lunchroom though, a couple of guys walked up to Will and I, they started to call him a fag and said that it would be funny if he went missing, deciding to be the sensible one of the group I punched them both in their stupid faces. I smiled feeling as though I had accomplished something. "Your dead Frog Face." one of the screamed at me and I just started to babble to them about where I come from in an accent to make them thoroughly confused, it seemed to be working because they were looking at me like I was mad, Will looked confused and I just kept talking in a Swedish accent talking about how cats lay eggs.

Will looked completely baffled by the number of topics I was going through in one sentence and at how wild or inappropriate some of them could be or seem, "And then I saw a platypus for the first time and my thoughts on it were like 'da hell?? how does this amazing thing exist??' and my first instinct was to go and pet it but then I started to think 'what if it bites' and when I think about things that bite I think about my friend Eddie's mom" and I kept this topic going for a while, the two bullies looking at me incredulously and Will looking at me like I'm some kind of wizard as well as half of the other students crowding around me to listen to my tall tales. The bullies eventually got bored and left so I took that as the cue to stop for a while, I took a breath and looked over at Will, "So, are we going to go hang with your friends or what?" I asked, Will had a shocked look on his face but he snapped out of his little daze and spoke, "Yeah, they'll be wondering where I am by now." we left the lunchroom leaving a crowd of bewildered students in our wake.

We walked into the school's library to see barely anyone besides the librarian in there, there were two boys sitting at a table in the back, one of them had dark skin short hair and was wearing a red denim jacket with a soft collar over a striped shirt, the other boy had shortish curly hair with a baseball cap on over it that was red blue and white, he was wearing a blue button up hoodie that had a plaid inside with a green shirt under it saying "Waupaca" with a deer on, Will started to walk over to them, one of them looked up, "Thank god you're finally here, I thought you were attacked by Troy or something." curly hair said, "Oh but I did Dustin, Mike here stopped him." Will said excitedly. Will explained in full detail how I stopped this 'Troy' guy, they laughed at some of the things I said in my 'babblthon', I was getting a little bored so I looked at some over the book titles nearby. We were in the section for Japanese comics, I saw some titles that sounded cool so I picked a few off the shelf and began reading. After I finished the fourth book of a series called Dr.Slump, Will came over and formally introduced me to his friends, "This is Lucas" he said pointing to the darker skinned boy, "And this is Dustin." he said pointing to the curly haired boy, "So, Michael, did you just move to Hawkins? Cause I haven't seen you around before." Dustin asked right after Will introduced us not evening giving me a chance to say hello to either of them, "Yeah I just got here a couple of days ago." I kept the answers short as to not scare them away, "That's cool. Where did you live before Hawkins?" Dustin asked I looked at him blankly, "I lived in Derry Maine, it is a really boring town, but I miss my friends from there." I stated, Lucas hit Dustin on the upside of his head while Will looked at me with some sympathy.

And that's how I met my best friends in Indiana.

2. ~Chapter 1~

Richie/Mike's POV :

"Dart for short" Dustin said, as though we were on the stupider side of things, "Wanna hold him?" Dustin asked directing the question at Max, Lucas and Dustin think that she would go great in the party but I disagree, though I only disagree because she reminds me of Bev. "No No No!!" Max said hurriedly, though Dustin still handed Dart over to her, "Oh god! It's slimy!" she yelled quickly passing it off to Lucas, "It's like a living bugger," Lucas said voice filled with disgust as he passed Dart to me, "What is it?" I asked fascinated but hiding the fact that I was interested by sounding suspicious. "Don't know," Dustin said calmly. I passed Dart back to Dustin while looking at him like he was stupid, I was snapped out of my daze by Will pulling on my sleeve, "Yeah?" I muttered, Will looked as though he had seen a ghost, he dragged me out of the room and took me to the restroom, "Will, what's wrong?" I asked my words filled to the brim with worry, "I-i, th-that thing that Dustin has, I h-heard it when I had o-one of my flashes back to the upside down. It's dangerous.." Will stuttered out while shaking, his stuttering made me think of Bill and wonder what the others from the losers club were up to, "It'll be ok Will, let's just get it away from Dustin and kill it, okay?" I asked. Will nodded absentmindedly, I grabbed his sleeve and directed him with me back to the AV room, I knocked and Dustin let us back in, "Where did you guys go? Nevermind I don't care, we, well I was thinking of showing Mr.Clarke my discovery." Dustin rambled but I looked at him with a look of disgust upon my face, "No No No!!" I said I grabbed the homemade trap from Dustin that had Dart in it, "What the shit are you doing man?" Dustin yelled sounding annoyed, "We need to kill it, it's from the upside down and it could kill us, we don't know any facts about it like if it's poisonous or if it will grow to be something even more dangerous." I stated in a stern voice leaving no room for argument. I walked away from them with the homemade trap still in my hands. Dustin didn't even try to stop me, no one tried to stop me or get Dart back.

I was a block away from my house on my bike, I stopped and grabbed a big and jagged rock from someone's garden, I opened the trap to see Dart the same as before facing me, I took the rock and

smashed it down on the interdimensional slug feeling zero remorse whatsoever for this creature. After I killed it and made sure it was dead I dropped it off the Quarry and went home. I got to my driveway and put my bike away in my garage, I went inside and to the restroom, I cleaned out the trap and put it by my backpack in my room. I was going to return it to Dustin at school, I was walking to the stairs to go down to the main level to maybe watch a little TV before my dad got home but Nancy stopped me, "Hey Richie, are you okay?" she asked, concern in her eyes and written all over her face, "No.." I mumbled, after the whole Eleven incident I had shut myself off from everyone except for Nancy, she knew how I felt because she lost Barb. I felt tears well up in my eyes and I ducked into my room to grab my glasses, I went straight into the restroom and removed my contacts so my eyes wouldn't hurt because of me crying with them in, I put on my coke bottle glasses after I put my contacts away in a drawer by the sink. I walked out and hugged Nancy feeling like I needed someone to pour all of my feelings to, she already knows about everything that happened in Derry as well as everything that happened here, she knows about the killer clown and about never telling my friends where I was going, how much I missed my friends that I had left two years ago without even wanting to go. I hadn't called them ever over those years, I basically went missing to Derry, I didn't want to go back, though I did want to see my friends again, I have their numbers and I have contemplated calling them every now and then but I always chicken out feeling as though they'll hate me if they see me now. Nancy knows all there is to know about me, she knows that I am pansexual and that my first kiss was with Eleven even though my first crush was never a girl, I was in love with Stan when I was in 1st grade, but I realized even if he loved me back he wouldn't be allowed to be with me because of his parents so I just stopped loving him because it hurt me too much, then I fell in love with Eddie when I was in 4th grade, I haven't stopped loving him but it hurt to be far away from him so I tried to make myself fall in love with a girl instead so I could get my mind off of these heartbreaking boys, I fell for Eleven but it hurt even more when she just disappeared, I have blocked myself off from everyone except Nancy because she has been through similar things and she understands everything that I am feeling. Nancy is the one person I feel like I can trust compared to how everyone treats me now, I told Nancy how I didn't believe that Eleven is dead and she said that she believes me

and I saw in her eyes that she was telling the truth, she believed me about the killer clown and about all of the things I have been through. She doesn't think of me as disgusting or a terrible person, she thinks that I matter and she always cared about me since the first time we held a meaningful conversation, I will always care about her. I cried into Nancy's shoulder for maybe an hour feeling just plain lost and she held me and whispered kind words to me the entire time, she might have had plans earlier but she didn't care if it meant helping her younger brother out even if we weren't related by blood. When I finally felt better I looked up at Nancy, "Sorry, I- I just, I don't know.." I murmured, "Don't be sorry, I'm always here for you." Nancy said with empathy lacing her words. I smiled a little and took off my glasses, wiping them on the edge of my shirt as and then wiping my eyes, I put my glasses back on and smiled at Nancy, "Thanks for helping my sorry ass." she giggled at my choice of words, "I'm happy to help you, trashmouth." I laughed feeling happy that someone called me that old nickname, "I'm sure I'll see you on my time off, Lady Nancy" I said in an over exaggerated french dictator accent. We sat there firing jokes back and forth for a while, we were laughing messes, I heard a knock at the door, "Race Ya!!" I shouted at Nancy, "Oh you're on!" she replied, she counted down "3.." we got into running stance "2.." I glanced at her with a smirk on my face "1.." I bolted she ran the instant she saw me move, I reached the door first and flung it open. Standing in the doorway looking quite surprised were the rest of my party, "Shit!" I mumbled, Nancy came up behind me out of breath, "You cheater.." she began giggling. She looked up to see who was at the door and saw my friends, "Shit.." she said, "Uh, hi Nancy and Mike's-look-alike, where is Mike?" Dustin said sounding confused, I sighed, "Hi guys if you wanna know where Mike is look in front of you." I said in a bored but disappointed tone, Nancy looked at me sadly and hugged me, "It's ok Rich, maybe they'll understand." my friends looked at Nancy and I confused. The first one to get it was Max, "Oh! So you have glasses!" she said as though she had figured out a tough problem, Lucas nodded as though he was agreeing while Will was looking at me skeptically, "What did Nancy call you, Mike?" he asked, I tripped over my words not expecting them to have been listening to what she had said to me, "I-uh, well, umm, you see, it's a long story, so uh yeah.." I mumbled, Dustin looked like he was trying to decipher a very important code and Will had a similar look on his face. Lucas and Max were looking

at me slightly confused and I sighed again, "Did you ever notice that Mike looks nothing like his family? Dustin muttered to Lucas, Max, and Will, they all nodded and I looked at them incredulously, "you do realize I can hear you right? And I will explain it all to you." I stepped aside to let them come inside, I directed them to the basement.

Once everyone was nice and comfy, I began to tell my life story, not everything about the demon killer clown, but the stuff about my real name, my experience at the orphanage and my friends and blood family. By the time I finished they looked kind of surprised, then Dustin piped up, "You should invite your friends from Maine here, I want to meet these people, they sound awesome!" I looked at him a bit surprised, "I haven't spoken to them for two years, they don't even know if I'm alive or not." I said the second part quietly, "Well if they are as cool as you say they are they should understand how you feel or why you felt that way, if they are your true friends they might be mad at you but only because you didn't tell them where you were going and if you were coming back or not." Will chimed into our conversation. I nodded, I had a feeling of determination welling up inside me, I walked up to my room with my friends trailing behind me, I went into my room and I grabbed a binder off of a shelf. I flipped through the binder till it landed on the page I was looking for, I looked at the page trying to think of who to call first.

I decided that Bill was my best shot because he could get all of the losers rounded up to head down to Indiana as well as I could cut him off when he tried to even get a sentence out with his stutter. I walked down the stairs and I heard my friends following me slowly, I went over to the phone and slowly put in his home phone number, I put the phone to my ear and waited. The sound of the ringing was spaced out evenly but to me it felt as though it was taking longer each and every time till I heard a click, "Hello, this is the Denbrough residence, Sharon speaking" I let my breath go that I didn't even realize I was holding in, "Hi Mrs.Denbrough, this is Richie Tozier speaking I was wondering if I could talk to Bill?" I spoke choosing my words carefully, "Richie! Oh, My Goodness, I'm glad you're okay, your parents insisted that you ran away and I was so worried, I'll get Bill on the line but first, where are you?" She half shouted, "I'm in Hawkins, Indiana. It's really nice here, you should see if the rest of the club could move down here." I said smiling with my words meaning everything that I said, "Are you sure that I'm speaking to

Richie Tozier because you are much more mannered than I last remembered you being.” Mrs.Denbrough said teasingly, I blushed at her words, “I am most definitely Richie, though I have changed a bit from being in a different place, can I speak to Bill now?” I asked feeling a bit impatient, “Oh yes, you may and I’ll call a meeting of the mothers of your friends to talk about moving to Hawkins.” Mrs.Denbrough said cheerfully then I heard slightly muffled “Bill, you have a call” then thumping of someone coming down a set of stairs, “H-hello this is B-bill Denbrough speaking.” I felt happiness wash over me to hear his familiar stutter once again, “Hi Bill, it’s your very own trashmouth.” I said giggling slightly, I heard a very audible gasp from the other side, “Richie? Is it really you?” He said as though I was about to just turn out to be a prank caller, “Yep it’s me, Trashmouth Tozier is safe and sound not that you would care more than Eddie’s mom, she probably misses-” ”BEEP BEEP RICHIE!!” Bill shouts through the phone cutting off my joke, I laughed, “I think the people standing behind me can hear you, Big Bill.” I said giggling while looking at the shocked faces of everyone except Nancy, Bill began to say a stutter filled apology which was mostly out of embarrassment, “Okay! Bill, we get it just stop talking.” I said in a tone which indicated I was joking, “Like you’re one to t-talk Trashmouth.” he fired back laughing, “Oh Yeah! Trash the Trashmouth.” I replied, “Anyway do you think you could get the losers together? Also get enough money together for all of you to get a bus to Hawkins Indiana, I’ll pick you up at the bus stop just tell me what day you are leaving.” I said in a slightly rushed sentence, Nancy looking at me quizzically. “Okay, but w-why Richie?” Bill asked, “Don’t worry about that.” I said playfully, “Just do this for me, ‘Kay?” I put on a southern accent at the end to annoy him, “Fine, fine just stop with th-the accents.” Bill said sounding annoyed. “Talk to you soon!” I quipped, “Right back a-a-at you.” Bill shot back.